

\$20 million. Over 2,000 people are involved in the Seaway, including ship captains, lockmasters, radiomen, riggers, computer operators, scuba divers and lift bridge operators. They guide ocean-going ships and "lakers," including some 730 feet long, through the canals and locks using space-age technology, computers, television and radar. Television cameras watch each ship in passage and if one moves toward the wrong lock the monitor picks up the error and the captain is

promptly re-directed on his way. At any given moment traffic controllers in St. Lambert or St. Catharines can receive instantaneous messages from computer banks telling them the location of any ship in the Seaway.

Further information on the St. Lawrence Seaway is available from The St. Lawrence Seaway Authority, Place de Ville Tower "C," 330 Sparks Street, Ottawa, Ontario K1R 7R9, Canada.

"This is still a little country that doesn't exist."

CHARLIE McCORMICK, DEPUTY MANAGER OF ANTICOSTI ISLAND.

Change Comes to Paradise

IT IS PARADISE ENOW. A huge island — as large as one of Canada's provinces, Prince Edward Island — located 360 miles northeast of Quebec City at the mouth of the St. Lawrence.

It has 237 people, 82 wooden buildings, many Swiss chalet-style cottages dating back to the turn of the century and renting for \$25 a month, and the Jupiter River, one of the best salmon streams in the world, where visitors can stay at a luxurious lodge and catch their fill for as little as \$1800 a week. It has thirteen other rivers and eight lakes that are also crowded with fish, the spectacular Vaureal Falls and vast forests of spruce and balsam, alive with Virginia whitetails, mule deer, elk, moose and beaver and open valleys heavy with wild strawberries and raspberries. It has nice children. "They have the fewest complexes of any place I've seen," Rita Viau, a nun and the resident nurse, has said. "They are also the healthiest."

Its name is Anticosti and it has a singular history.

Henri Menier, of the French chocolate manufacturing dynasty, bought it in 1895 and proceeded to make it into a private kingdom. He brought in a French doctor to provide free medical care and he had a French count, Georges-Martin Zede, as his proconsul. He owned everything — homes, halls, forests, deer, fish, strawberries, the bakery, the school, the church and the lobster pots. The residents were restricted to Port-Menier, the village at the southwestern tip of the island, and they were expected to doff their caps when M. Menier went by. Those who broke his rules could, by another rule, be expelled from the island.

Menier hoped to build a loyal community of 100,000 souls but he failed, though he did lay down 28 miles of railway track. In 1926 his surviving brother, Gaston, sold the island to a group of paper companies who continued the

system of benevolent control and selectively logged the trees. Few people were allowed to bring autos on the island before the 1960's but the company took care of the people during the Depression when logging was suspended. "They looked after the people," Charlie McCormick, the island's leading resident said. "After all they bought them, along with the land, from Menier."

The island is as full of folk tales as the forests are of deer. Louis Gamache, a notorious smuggler in the first half of the nineteenth century, would lure ships on rocks with misleading flares and pillage their cargoes. An accomplished ventriloquist, he convinced visiting officials that he was in league with the devil. The island was a ship's graveyard even before Gamache. When the ship *Granicus* went aground at the eastern end of the island in 1828, its survivors swam ashore. They were found the next spring, 46 crewmen and a woman passenger, dead and dismembered. The 47th crew member lay dead in a hammock, having died of indigestion.

This fall the past seems as dead as the crewmen of the *Granicus*. The Quebec government is in the process of buying Anticosti Island from Consolidated Bathurst Ltd. for approximately \$30 million and the island is slipping into the mainstream of Canada. A village storekeeper hopes the provincial government will make the island into a park. Others have suggested large-scale ranching. "We have rich forage," one said. "The deer are as fat as pigeons."

The sea is always changing and always the same. The laws of the sea apply only to men. Some of the pictures in this issue are by Canadian painters, who painted the sea as it is sometimes seen from Canadian shores.